

ASTHMA CURE FREE.

Asthmalene Brings Instant Relief and Permanent Cure in All Cases.

SENT ABSOLUTELY FREE ON RECEIPT OF POSTAL.

Write Your Name and Address Plainly.

CHAINED FOR TEN YEARS



There is nothing like Asthmalene. It brings instant relief, even in the worst cases. It cures when all else fails. The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Villa Ridge, Ill., says: "Your trial bottle of Asthmalene received in good condition. I cannot tell you how thankful I feel for the good derived from it. I was a slave, chained with putrid sore throat and asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but resolved to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler.

Rabbi of the Cong. Bnai Israel.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3, 1901

DRS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.,

Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for asthma and Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.

We can state that Asthmalene contains no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether.

REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

AVON SPRINGS, N. Y., Feb. 1, 1901.

R. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own ill as well as many others, I came to see your sign upon your windows on 6th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHELPS, M. D.

Feb. 5, 1901.

RS. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO.

Gentlemen: I was troubled with asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and tried a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your 12-ounce bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have family of four children, and for 12 years was unable to work. I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you can make such use of as you see fit.

Home address, 293 Livingston street.

S. HAPPAEL,

67 East 129th st., New York City.

Trial Bottle Sent Absolutely Free on Receipt of Postal.

Do not delay. Write at once, addressing DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. East 130th St., N. Y. City.

Sold by All Druggists.

ONE MAN KILLED.

And Two Others Probably Fatally Injured.

Disastrous Explosion In Paper Mill At Rumford Falls.

A Steam Pipe In Sulphite Digester Room Burst.

Rumford Falls, Me., April 2.—One man is dead and two are probably fatally injured as the result of an explosion in the mill of the International Paper company this evening. The night crew was just commencing work in one of the sulphite digester rooms, where the paper stock is boiled, when a steam pipe burst. The dead man is Horace Davis, thirty-five years old, of Gardiner, Me., where he leaves a widow and one child. The injured are Barney McDonald and Alfred Christian, who are so badly burned that there is slight chance of their recovery.

BIG STRIKE LIKELY.

Ten Thousand Mill Operatives In Georgia May Soon Be Thrown Out Of Work.

Augusta, Ga., April 2.—The president of the J. P. King Manufacturing company has posted a notice refusing the ten per cent advance in wages. He states that if the proposed strike is inaugurated, the mill will close down for an indefinite period. This order is the result of the determination of the Manufacturers' association to fight the unions. If the strike goes on in the mill, as is now scheduled, all the mills in Augusta, Graniteville, Aiken, Van Cluse and Langley will be affected and ten thousand operatives will be thrown out of work. The union leaders insist that the strike will take place next Monday.

BASEBALL WAR OVER.

Spalding Gives In And The National League Scrap Will Go No Further In The Courts.

New York, April 2.—The National league baseball war is practically ended. A. G. Spalding has resigned his claim as chief executive of the big organization and the office will be tendered to William G. Temple of Pittsburgh. There will be no further contest in the courts.

STOLE A BIBLE.

Louisville, Ky., April 2.—James Mason, a deaf mute, was yesterday sentenced to one year in the penitentiary after entering a plea of guilty to the unusual charge of stealing a Bible.

The fact that at the time of the theft he had concealed the sacred book in some bed clothing belonging to Nanie Spears, the owner of the volume, and had forgotten to send the clothing back, added to the severity of the sentence.

Judge Mason, after sentencing Mason, made a subscription of \$1 to a fund which was speedily collected, and the prisoner left for Frankfort bearing with him a Bible presented by the judge and the officers of the court.

BODY OF CECIL RHODES TAKEN TO CAPE TOWN.

Cape Town, April 3.—A funeral service for the family and friends was held over the remains of Cecil Rhodes at Groote Schuur last evening. The body was brought here at midnight last night and deposited in the vestibule of the building of parliament. The coffin was draped in a tattered Union Jack, the property of Mr. Rhodes, and with it was the tattered flag of the British chartered South African company which went through one of the battles. On these two flags rested the cap and gown in which the deceased took his degree at Oxford. A beautiful wreath of flowers from Queen Alexandra was placed on the bier.

SLIGHTLY WORSE.

New York, April 2.—A. A. McLeod, formerly president of the Boston and Maine railroad, who is suffering from heart disease, is slightly worse to night. There is no immediate danger, however.

ENDICOTT THE MAN.

Washington, April 2.—Confirmations by the senate: Civil Engineer Mordcaid T. Endicott to be chief of the bureau of yards and docks, United States navy; also a large number of naval promotions.

BY TWO BIG DUCKS.

Window of Great Point Lighthouse Broken Into Hundreds of Bits.

Nantucket, Mass., April 2.—To the fact that he had left his post a moment to get a drink of water, Assistant Lighthouse Keeper Howes, of the Great Point station, attributes his escape from injury in a remarkable way, which occurred here today and in which two canvasback ducks caused considerable damage to the lighthouse.

Just after midnight Keeper Howes left his position and had scarcely stepped down from his station when a loud crash was heard at the same instant the light went out.

Hastening back with a lantern the assistant keeper found two great canvasback ducks of a species rare in this section had plunged through one of the large plate glass windows of the lighthouse, smashing them into hundreds of pieces and had brought up against the opposite window, extinguishing the light as they passed.

The window measured six feet by twenty-seven inches and the glass was three-eighths of an inch in thickness.

After the accident no piece of glass bigger than a half dollar could be found and as the man on watch is accustomed to stand near this window, it is thought that he could not have escaped injury from flying fragments had he been in his place.

Moreover, as the ducks are known to fly at a speed of 100 miles an hour, the force with which the pieces were driven into the tower must have been dangerous.

The accident caused considerable inconvenience owing to the destruction of the lights.

Keeper Higgins states that in his thirty years experience he has very seldom witnessed an occurrence similar to that of this morning.

On account of the rareness of the species there is much surmising as to where they came from.

The ducks weighed about seven pounds each. Both were killed. They will be preserved as trophies by the life savers.

HELP FROM CONCORD.

Lowell, Mass., April 2.—This morning found about one hundred and seventy-five painters locked out by their employers on account of a demand for an increase of twenty-five cents per day made by the journeymen painters several days ago. Several shops have been paying the increased rate of wages for the past year, while others met the demand of the painters' union this morning, though only about thirty-five painters are at work. It is claimed that a few non-union painters are working throughout the city, while a number of painters are expected to arrive in this city from Concord, N. H., this afternoon. A special meeting of the painters' union was held this morning and pickets were appointed to see the non-union men and also to explain the situation to the men who were coming from New Hampshire.

PRISONERS GET AWAY.

Chicago, April 2.—Three prisoners under guard at Fort Sheridan escaped from their sentries yesterday and gained freedom under exciting circumstances. One prisoner was shot at by a crack marksman recently returned from the Philippines, and it is thought, was badly wounded. Another boarded a passing freight train going toward Chicago and was not missed for fifteen minutes. The third escaped because the rifle which the sentry snapped at him missed fire. M. S. Whidden, a Kentuckian, sentenced to nine months in the guard house for desertion, is the man supposed to have been wounded.

TACOMA REPUBLICAN.

Tacoma, Wash., April 2.—In the municipal election L. D. Campbell, republican, was elected mayor by about 950 plurality over Frank C. Cole, democrat. The republicans also re-elected Ernest Lister controller and Charles D. Atkins treasurer. The democrats elected two councilmen out of eight.

ANOTHER STRIKE.

Boston, Mass., April 2.—Another strike was ordered tonight, when the Brewery Workers' Union, comprising 1,200 inside men, employed in the twenty-six breweries of this city voted not to report for duty tomorrow morning because the master brewers refused their demands for shorter hours and other concessions.

REMEY TO GO ON LIGHTHOUSE BOARD.

Washington, April 2.—Rear Admiral George G. Remy, who was recently detached from the command of the Asiatic naval station, will be assigned on his arrival here to duty as chairman of the Lighthouse board in Washington, to succeed Rear Admiral Norman H. Farquhar, who will be placed on the retired list on April 23.

REPUBLICAN MAJORITY.

Milwaukee, April 2.—The latest returns show that the common council will be republican by a majority of two or three. This shows a partial republican victory in the city, the last council being democratic.

WITH REVOLVER.

Brooklyn Policeman Instantly Kills His Wife.

Shot Her Through The Head At Their Home.

Said To Have Been On Verge Of Delirium Tremens.

New York, April 2.—Policeman John J. O'Brien of Brooklyn shot and instantly killed his young wife Minnie at their home this evening. The shooting was done in the presence of their three children and his wife's mother. Mrs. O'Brien had just handed her husband his revolver, as he was about to go on duty, when, without a word of warning, he shot her through the head. He had been drinking heavily and was on the verge of delirium tremens, it is said. He was arrested soon after the shooting.

GREAT LIVE-BIRD SHOOT.

Kansas City, Mo., April 2.—The grand American handicap, the feature of the interstate association's tenth annual tournament, is being shot at Blue River park today. There were nearly five hundred entries for this blue ribbon event which shooting began this morning, which makes it one of the greatest live bird matches ever held. So large is the list of entries that it is believed it will take the rest of the week to shoot it out. Perfect weather and with just enough breeze blowing to give life to the birds prevailed. The handicap is a twenty-five bird race, twenty-five dollars entrance. To the first high gun, in addition to the cash prize, there is offered a sterling silver trophy.

KITTERY.

The W. C. T. U. met this afternoon at the home of Mrs. George W. Damon, Government street, and considerable business of interest was transacted. There was a large attendance of the members of the Union.

Miss Jessie Irene Wentworth is slowly recovering from her recent severe sickness. She is now able to sit up a short time each day.

Miss Eva Farwell is a little better, it is thought, and her fever, which has raged for over six weeks, has apparently turned.

Wallace Jackson is engaged in painting the house of Elroy Cottle.

The reflection of a fire in the direction of York was seen late on Wednesday night. It could not be learned that there was any destruction of property, and it may have been a brush fire, so common at this time of the year.

The rails to be used in the changes that are to be made on the York Harbor & Beach railroad, from Kittery Junction to the navy yard station, have been strung along the track for the entire distance.

The work of connecting the houses with the water system will be quite general this spring. The water system will also be completed this spring.

CONCORD.

In the superior court on Tuesday, Noyes vs. Edgerly, a suit for damages for false imprisonment, was thrown out on a point of law. Exceptions were taken and the case may go to the supreme court.

The official weather report of voluntary observer W. W. Flint of this city, shows that the month just past was the warmest March since 1871, the mean temperature being 39.3 degrees.

M. H. Gurley and O. L. Shepard, Jr., have been elected delegates from the local association of letter carriers to the state convention in Manchester.

A competitive examination is to be held in this city on April 19 for an appointment to the naval academy at Annapolis from the 2d New Hampshire congressional district.

FLORIDA AND CUBA.

The fast vestibuled, electric-lighted train service to the southern resorts, operated by the Plant system and connections, is unexcelled. Literature upon application to J. J. Farnsworth, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Plant System at No. 200 Broadway, New York.

THE SUMMER TIME.

The date of the going into effect of the summer time tables on the Boston & Maine road has been provisionally fixed for June 16, one week earlier than last year. On the local roads the train service will be practically the same as last year.

The city of Newburyport pays for its street sprinkling, the work being let out by contract to the lowest bidder. This year the price is 7 cents per lineal foot.

CONSIDERABLE STIR IN RANKS.

Trouble Brewing Among State Socialists.

There is considerable of a stir in the ranks of the New Hampshire Socialist party over the inability of the new treasurer of the state committee, A. K. Chase of Nashua, to get the funds and books from the old treasurer, Edward Cole of Dover. Just what action will be taken is yet a question.

It seems that on March 9, at a meeting of the state committee, Mr. Chase was elected to succeed Mr. Cole by a vote of two out of three ballots. The state secretary, Louis Arnstein of Dover, on that day wrote a letter to Mr. Chase, notifying him of his election.

After waiting a proper time Mr. Chase sent to Mr. Cole for the books and funds in his possession, but as yet they have not been delivered, and Mr. Chase says that Mr. Cole declines to give them up. In his perplexity over the situation, Treasurer Chase sought the chairman of the state committee, George Howie of this city, and consulted him as to what should be done. He turned over to the chairman the letter from the secretary notifying him of his election as treasurer, and just what action is now to be taken is under discussion.

In discussing the matter Wednesday Chairman Howie said:

"This is worse than any old party machine tactics. A recent election for state treasurer by the New Hampshire Socialist party state committee resulted in the choice of Comrade A. K. Chase of Nashua. Upon his election Comrade Chase requested the funds which were held by Comrade Edward Cole of Dover (former treasurer) to be forwarded to him. This request of Comrade Chase has been refused. No doubt the reason for this refusal is the fact that Comrade Chase is known to be a broad and liberal-minded citizen, and refuses to bend the knee to the 'kangaroo' element, who in Dover, as well as in New York and elsewhere, are determined to rule or ruin. If these are not worse than old party tactics then what would you call 'em'?"

PLAIN TALKS FROM PRACTICAL MEN.

Conceding that labor is 40 per cent. higher, the government will build cheaper than will the contractors. Look over these figures:

Senate Document No. 175, congress, page 9, shows that the navy department has paid under contract for hull and machinery the sum of \$45,621,720. They have paid to the contractors for changes \$2,628,132, or 5.76 per cent.

One Example.—The contract for the building of the Virginia, 7,500 tons, was given to the Newport News Company for \$3,590,000, which is at the rate of \$478 per ton.

The Newport News Company built the Kentucky and the Kearsarge, 6,831 and 7,087 tons, for \$317 per ton.

Figure that the profit of the Virginia, Nebraska, Georgia, New Jersey and Rhode Island, all sister ships, will not be less than \$100 per ton. It will probably be more than that, but take the amount to estimate with.

Contract cost of these ships, 7,500 tons, at \$478.....\$3,590,000
Profit at basis of \$100 per ton..... 750,000

Cost of ship to the contractor.....\$2,840,000

On ships of this class estimate that one-half the contractor's cost is for material and the other half is for labor.

Contractor's cost for labor.....\$1,420,000
Contractor's cost for material..... 1,420,000

Total cost of ship for labor and material.....\$2,840,000

Same ship if built in the navy yards, granting that it does cost 40 per cent. more for labor, the material does not cost any more, for the government buys it as cheap as the contractor.

Contractor's cost for labor.....\$1,420,000
Add 40 per cent. more, which it is claimed the government has to pay for its labor in the navy yards..... 568,000

Cost for labor in navy yards..... 1,988,000
Cost of material for ship..... 1,420,000

Cost of ship in navy yards.....\$3,408,000

Cost of same ship, contract price for hull and machinery.....\$3,590,000

Cost for changes at 5.76 per cent..... 206,784

Inspection charges, estimated..... 20,000

Total cost of hull and machinery when built by contract.....\$3,816,784

Cost of ship built at the navy yard.....\$3,408,000

Difference in favor of the navy yard.....\$ 388,784

With all the handicap the navy yards build the ships for less than the contractors charge the government for the same ships.

There is also a large item of saving in the navy yard built ship for it costs less for repairs.

JOHN MCCOOLE KILLED BY FALL.

Dover, April 2.—John McCoolle of Court street, aged about 65, fell down a flight of stairs leading from the hall of division 3, A. O. H., in the Kennedy block on Central avenue, this afternoon, and died at 9:45 tonight. His skull was fractured. He leaves a son and two daughters.

TRAIN WAS LOST.

Snowbound Four Days On The Dakota Prairies.

Telegraph Instrument Found And Wires Tapped By Passenger.

One Passenger Cut His Throat And Will Die.

St. Paul, Minn., April 2.—Passengers arriving today on a Great Northern train due last Friday, tell of being snowbound four days and five nights on the prairies of North Dakota in the midst of the worst blizzard the northwest has seen in many years with only food enough for two frugal meals a day, and with such an amount of fuel that the ladies had to wrap themselves in blankets to keep from freezing. The men had also to wear their overcoats day and night. The train was completely lost to the world.

Late Thursday, after it left Williston in the hope of reaching Minot, some fourteen miles to the east, before night. Almost midway at a little stopping place called Ray, where there are only a siding, a water tank and a coal shed, the train was stalled. Then engineer thought he could run the engine back to Williston and get aid, and taking the conductor with him, started on the trip. The lone engine was stuck in a drift in a cut a short distance out of the town and had to be abandoned.

This left the train of eight coaches and about 250 passengers alone on the siding, with all communication cut off. They began the long siege, during which the cold had to be borne and hunger stifled. There was much suffering. There was an incipient riot on the first day. The second-class passengers insisted that they must have as much or more food as the others, and as they were in larger numbers and had more ravenous appetites it was difficult to confine them to their quota. Many were not willing, as the first-class passengers insisted, that the women and children should be fed and taken care of first, but after some argument they were prevailed upon to subsidize.

Monday evening Professor Cologrove of the University of Washington attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. There was a physician on the train, but he had no facilities for performing the necessary operation and it was absolutely necessary to get into communication with one of the neighboring towns.

In their desperation the passengers broke open everything in the train's chest, and found a telegraph instrument. A young man, an electrician, faced the blizzard and tapped one of the wires and attached the instrument. He notified the operators at both Minot and Williston of what had occurred. From each place a snow plow was started in front of an engine bearing a surgeon.

The one from Minot, after a hard night's work, reached the siding early the following morning and the wounded man was removed to St. Paul. The almost famished passengers who had suffered from the cold and exposure were given food and warm berths in the first train pushed through the drifts.

Professor Cologrove's jugular vein is partially severed and it is not believed he can recover.

April number of The Patriotic Review is bound in California yellow and is full of "Meat." It has half-tone portraits of Lieutenant-General N. A. Miles and Major G. F. H. Murray, commanders-in-chief of the Legion of Spanish War Veterans. There is an article (illustrated) on the famous Polish Church, one on Patriots' Day and its significance by Marion Howard, an acrostic poem suitable for exercises on Memorial day, a picture of the editor's den showing a corner of her valuable press clippings collection, news and other matter concerning the various patriotic societies. The California chapters are treated of and a fascinating itinerary printed for the delegates who are going to California to the biennial at Los Angeles by the Iron Mountain route. May number to have Memorial day features. "Marion H. Brazier, editor, Trinity Court, Boston, Mass. From January to September only \$1.00 and postage.

THE PEACE CONGRESS.

Monaco, April 2.—The annual International Peace Congress opened here today, and with the exception of the Italian and French delegates, the attendance was smaller than at Glasgow last year.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

GUARANTEED CURE for all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pain after eating, liver trouble, yellow skin and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It causes chronic ailments and long years of suffering. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS today, for you will never get well and stay well until you get your bowels right. Take our advice, start with Cascarets today under absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Sample and booklet free. Address: Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York.

ODD MOON THEORIES.

THE MANY SUPERSTITIONS THAT FLOURISH ABOUT FAIR LUNA.

Laughable and Absurd Notions That Gain Credence in Laps of Madness Concerning the Changes and Eclipses of the Orb of Night.

For countless ages the darkness of night has exercised terror on all sorts and conditions of men, and in consequence the moon has become surrounded by uninitiated people with a degree of mystery that is sometimes merely laughable, sometimes ingeniously absurd, but in most cases the natural outcome of superstition and ignorance.

There is probably no country in the world where some kind of picture has not been made out of the visible markings on the moon's surface. We have our own old man in the moon who made that famous journey to Norwich, while in many parts of France it is a hunter and his dog that folks say they can distinguish.

In eastern Asia the marks in the moon are said to be a hare sitting on his hindquarters, while the lines of South America maintain that the dark patch is the figure of a young lady who happened to be walking in the moonlight and suddenly became engorged of the brightness and beauty of a star. She sprang forward to embrace the object of her affection, and the moon, taking advantage of her amorous leap, caught her up and has kept her ever since.

Eclipses of the moon, being commoner than those of the sun, have always attracted more attention than solar obfuscations. In Peru an eclipse of the moon was always considered to be a sudden illness of that star, and so when one occurred the Peruvians would start treating everything that was capable of making a noise and in particular flog all their dogs, the theory being that the moon, witnessing the sufferings of the creatures it loved, would revive herself to come to their help.

The Khasias of northeast India have a very remarkable superstition regarding the sun and moon. They believe that the waning and increasing moon represents the state of that planet's strength as she wrestles with the sun, which is her husband.

The increasing moon represents that Luna is winning "hands down," the decrease that she is losing, until at last the sun swallows his wife and spits her head out into the sky. The wife then has another chance, so to speak, and the quarrel goes on without cessation.

A popular superstition among the Slavs was that the moon was condemned to wander through space for inability in company with the morning star. The Dakota Indians fancied that the moon as she decreased was being slowly nibbled away by mice, the Polynesians that she was being devoured by spirits of the dead.

Still more extraordinary is the superstition held by the Hottentots that the waning moon suffers from headache and always hides her face with her hands.

The Eskimos maintain that the same period in the moon's history merely betokens the fact that she is hungry and retiring to rest and eat previous to beginning another fast. As regards the markings on the moon the Eskimos have a most laughable theory. They say that Anninga, the moon, brother of the peerless and incomparable Malina, the sun, was pursuing his sister and indeed had drawn so close to her that she was almost within his grasp, whereupon the enraged lady turned around and blackened his face and clothes with her fingers, which she had snatched from the soot of an oil lamp.

Other savages there are who maintain that the marks are the elders resulting from the monthly destruction by fire of the moon by the incendiary sun.

The Chinese believe that when an eclipse of the moon takes place she is being vigorously attacked by a dragon. At the commencement of the lunar phenomenon they throw themselves prostrate and bang on gongs and drums to frighten the dragon away. In the meanwhile the mandarins and exalted personages present shoot arrows at the moon, which reminds one of the story of a former king of Portugal, who, hearing that a comet was in sight, hurried out to see it, scolded it vehemently and discharged pistol shots at the inexplicable monstrosity.

The Maoris believed that the moon was a great hole torn in the heavens through which could be seen the warm fires that kept the earth alive and the sun heated. When the moon was on the wane, they said that the gods were busy mending the rent, and when the moon appeared again in her crescent shape they said that the tear had burst once more.

Among the untutored peasants of the remote parts of France many strange superstitions are rife as regards the moon. Many aver that they can see Judas Iscariot hanging from an elder branch, others that it is Cain they see leaning on his spade and gazing at the murdered body of Abel, while some again say that it is a peasant compelled to freeze in the moon with his bundle of faggots for attempting to wattle a fence on the Sabbath.

At certain times of the year the Malopos, a tribe of African savages, bury a live goat with many strange rites. This, they say, has to be done to appease the moon, who expects a goat at stated intervals. They firmly believe that the goat makes its way through the center of the earth and falls into the moon, who is waiting to receive it.—London Answers.

Last year the graduates of professional schools numbered 16,448, of whom 5,567 were doctors, 3,965 lawyers and 1,973 clergymen.

HIS LAST RACE.

A Fortune Lost to a Horse Owner by a Refusal to Pay \$10.

"Talk about killings," said the old turfman, settling himself back in his chair and puffing away vigorously at a very black cigar. "Why, I remember one that makes my head spin every time I think of it. Let me see—yes, it was back in 1880. Just about that time I had arrived from the west and went in for racing with both feet. A friend of mine owned a fast 2-year-old maiden. The horse had a good pedigree and was well trained, but somehow was never in the money. My friend had a great deal of faith in the horse and backed the animal every time it ran. He lost, and when it became monotonous he came to me.

"Jim," he said, rather sadly, "I'm nearly broke. If I keep on dropping my money as I have done for the past two months, I don't know what will become of me. I guess I will wind up in the poorhouse."

"Why, what's the matter?" I said, trying to cheer him up. "Don't be downhearted, old boy. When you are short, you know you can always find me."

"That's all right," he said, "but I owe you enough money already. I'm going to make a hit, and if the scheme goes through I'll have all the money I want. The scheme isn't strictly honest, but that's the only way I can get the coin just now. I've been on the square long enough." Saying this, he disappeared, and I did not see or hear from him for a long time.

"One day his horse came in second. I was very much pleased, and when I found Jim I extended my hand to congratulate him. To my surprise, he waved me aside and hung his head. I could not for the world make out what was the matter. I thought perhaps his success had turned his head.

"Jim," I said, "what is the matter with you?" "I'm surprised. You never acted like this before. There is something certainly the matter. Out with it, I say, or else I shall never have anything to do with you in the future!"

"I know I have not been carrying on right, Frank," he said, "but if you went through what I have during the past ten hours you certainly would not blame me. Frank, I cannot look an honest man straight in the face after today. I stood to win \$50,000, but I'm penniless now. It's all because I was greedy and refused to part with an extra \$10. As you are no doubt aware, my horse ran second today. He might have won had I used better judgment and discretion."

"Then he went on and told me the following story: He had told all the other jockeys in the race that he desired to win and unfolded his scheme. Seven horses ran, and the jockeys had their instructions. They were to let my friend's horse win. All of the jockeys with the exception of one received a ticket on the prospective winner. My friend's horse was quoted at 20 to 1, and the six jockeys had tickets which called for \$250 to \$10. Somehow or other the seventh jockey got wind of this and approached the trainer of my friend's horse about it. The trainer told him to see Jim, which he did. Jim told him to go to the devil. He said: 'Go away, boy, and don't bother me. You haven't got a chance to beat my horse, and I am not afraid of you anyway. I got \$10 left, but you shall not have it.' The jockey persisted that he could win if he tried and told Jim that he ought to be let in on the deal. Jim was obdurate and requested the jockey to go about his business. Jim somehow had scraped up unknown to me about \$5,000. His agents backed the horse all over the country, and he stood to win a small fortune.

"Well, the race was soon off, and his horse was leading in the stretch by five lengths. He thought it was all over but the explanations. On the run home his horse was still ahead by a good margin, and in the excitement the seventh jockey, the one to whom he had refused to give a ticket, was forgotten. But the jockey had predicted correctly, and with a burst of speed that took the breath away from the spectators the outsider came to the fore and beat my friend's horse out of the post by a short head. Well, when it was all over and the numbers had gone up and my friend's horse had been beaten Jim realized what a fool he had been. For the sake of an extra \$10, which he certainly could have spared, he lost the fortune. Jim had only played the horse straight, and this time he was clean broke. Jim was the sorriest man you ever saw and cannot forget that day to this. And, what's more, he has never played or attended a race since."—New York Sun.

Gam's Dry Humor.

When the gallant Welsh captain, David Gam, was sent forward by Henry V to reconquer the French army before the battle of Agincourt, he found that the enemy outnumbered the English by about five to one. His report to the king is historic:

"There are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."

This quaint forecast of the result of the battle at once spread through the camp, and doubtless every yeoman archer of the valiant company felt a little taller. We know that it was almost literally justified by the event. Poor Gam's dry humor was equalled by his courage. He was killed while in the act of saving the life of his prince.

Planned From Pine Needles.

The Germans make dandelion underwear of the fiber of the pine needles as well as socks for men and stockings for women, while knee warmers, knitting and darning yarns, cork soles, quilts, wadding, deerskin paper for walls, pine needle soap, incense and even cigars made from this raw material have been exported from Germany for years. Bathing establishments have also been established at points where the pine needles are crushed, and these resorts have long been popular with people afflicted with rheumatism, consumption, etc.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Calamity.

A small girl of 3 years suddenly burst out crying at the dinner table. "Why, Ethel," said her mother, "what is the matter?" "Oh," whined Ethel, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

The Chime of Success.

In the time of that bluff sailor king William IV the then Duke of Norfolk was referred to as "something of a boor" and only for sneezing violently at a state banquet when the king was present.

Sir F. Hastings Doyle in his autobiography relates how, even in the fifties, Lord Halifax was walking with Lord Dundas when the latter suddenly began to make hideous faces to such a degree that Lord Halifax became seriously alarmed and gasped out, "Shall I run for the doctor?" Lord Dundas gave a peremptory "No" as far as he was able. When he had recovered from the paroxysm, he said: "I was only in the agonies of trying not to sneeze. The awful court etiquette in regard to this matter has made me really ill many a time. Nowadays I cannot from long habit really sneeze, but the sensation that brings about sneezing simply agonizes me. And I know many elderly gentlemen who suffer the same."

The same rule applied and still applies in some cases in an even greater degree on the continent. The late czar of Russia once hazarded the opinion that a certain distinguished Englishman was "naughty wanting in polish and good manners" because he, poor man, sneezed at a Russian court reception. Even the late Napoleon III, free and easy as was his court in certain matters, looked upon sneezing in his presence as a great liberty.—London Answers.

His Interested Motive.

There is a young man out in Germantown who has developed into a chronic matchmaker. This is all the more remarkable because of the fact that the young woman to whom he had been engaged jilted him and returned the ring—a handsome solitaire. The average man who meets with an experience like this usually poses as a misanthrope and ralls bitterly at matrimony. It seems to have just the opposite effect upon this Germantown man, who is noted for his parsimonious habits.

Ever since his own engagement was broken off he has been doing his best to make matches among his friends. He would tell a girl how much a certain young man thought of her and then pour a tale into the young man's ears about how deeply in love with him the girl was. These tactics he pursued so frequently as to excite comment.

A short time ago his efforts resulted in an announced engagement, and the matchmaker lost no time in making a proposition to the prospective Benedict. Then it developed that his only interest in throwing his friends of opposite sexes at each other's heads was that he might sell the engagement ring that had been returned to him. The story is being whispered around and his popularity has waned.—Philadelphia Record.

E. W. Grove
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The Guide Had His Way.

A. Phelps Whitmarsh gives in *The Outlook* an experience with Filipino guides and the sequel to attempting to have one's way with them, especially when that way involves an expenditure of energy. The travelers were determined to ascend a certain mountain. As we climbed higher and higher the old fellow who was leading us grew uncertain about the trail. At last he halted and spoke to another guide in their own tongue. "Senores," interpreted Simcon, "there is no water higher up on the mountain."

This was evidently a ruse to prevent us from going any farther. So we told him we did not want any water and ordered him to go on.

"Senores," he said a little later, "the carriers are exhausted. They cannot travel any more today."

"Tell the carriers that unless they follow us we shall go on without them and pay them nothing."

"Senores, the path is lost."

"Well, let the guide find it again."

"He cannot, senor. He does not know the mountain above this. He expected to find a Negro to show the way."

"Go on anyway."

"But where, senor?"

"Up."

After an hour or so of progress so slow that we scarcely seemed to be moving at all we were well scratched, pried, torn and angered. Then we gave it up. The smiling guide had beaten us.

Appropriate.

It was at a concert held in the village schoolhouse. In the chair was a local merchant who, though a good business man, was not much of a scholar. He intimated that the next song would be "Ora Pro Nobis."

OUR HUNGRY GLOBE.

MOTHER EARTH'S METHOD OF FILLING HER RAPACIOUS MAW.

Great Chunks of the World That May Be Swallowed Up at Any Moment as Others Have Been Before in Our Planet's Pitiless Traps.

When one reads or hears of some sudden and violent alteration in the crust of this planet of ours one instinctively puts it down to something in the way of a volcanic outburst. In most cases it is so. But not always. Mother Earth has many fashions of building up what she likes and getting rid of what she is tired of.

One hardly wonders that Indian tribes who frequented the shores of the Columbia river used to worship as the "All Devouring One" a great cliff near the Cascades, which for many years past has been steadily advancing upon the river, with the evident intention of blotting out its bed and forming a huge lake above. This will inevitably happen. The mountain, which is 2,000 feet high and eight miles long, has been proved to be moving forward and downward at a rate of one to three feet a year. The railway track, which runs along its base has to be constantly altered. The reason of this ponderous landslide is that the mountain rests on a layer of soft sandstone, which is steadily giving way.

The village of Sainte Foy de Tarentaise, in eastern France, seems doomed to be engulfed. The base of the hill on which it stands is being eaten away by the rapid waters of the Isere. The houses, some of them, show cracks rivaling those of our Chesire Northwick. Some day there will be a "short, sharp shock," and Tarentaise will no longer exist.

Islands go and come so constantly that none but the admiralty keeps count of them. Submarine volcanoes are responsible for most of these disappearances, but others are harder to account for. Metis Island, for instance, in the south Pacific, bore no sign of volcanic action about it. It was charted in 1880, its highest point being 150 feet. In 1890 it had gone—vanished utterly without leaving a trace. On the site of another small guano island off the coast of southern California recent soundings showed 50 fathoms of water. Tangled in Chesapeake bay was a fortress by the English fleet in the war of 1812. It has sunk steadily, till now those fortifications are under water.

The shifting sands of the great desert are as hungry as the pitiless sea itself. Many of the smaller oases in the Sahara have disappeared. From sight in an hour or two, buried deep by the deadly simoom.

Some 400 miles southeast of the old city of Kashgar, far out in the yellow desolation of the desert of Gobi, the great Swedish explorer Sven Hedin saw something projecting from the smooth side of one of the long dunes. It was the wooden roof of a house. Further investigation showed that it was but one of thousands. A teeming city of highly civilized Aryans had long existed on this spot until the earth had tired of it and wiped it out.

Until Dec. 18, 1811, the eastern part of Craighead county, Ark., was one of the most beautiful and fertile stretches of prairie imaginable, interspersed with tracts of lovely woodland. Pretty rivers ran between high clay banks, and the country was rapidly settling. On the morning of Dec. 19, in place of rivers and rolling prairie, a great lake rippled in the sunlight. In the night the whole region, 120 miles long and 60 wide, had sunk 20 to 40 feet. Today the weird lakes of the Arkansas sand lands offer the most beautiful scenery and some of the best sport in all the southern states.

Nothing is too big or too small to escape the maw of our hungry globe. Quicksands are the traps she spreads for smaller fry. Probably the worst and most dangerous in the world are the "shots" of the Sahara. These are perhaps the dregs of some prehistoric sea. Now they are covered over with a thick crust of salt and sand. Whole caravans have walked unconsciously into these deathtraps and been quickly swallowed up. Reclus, the great French authority, declares you can sound these quicksands to a depth of 300 feet without finding bottom.—London Mail.

Sensed the Beast.

The extraordinary skill with which Sir Edwin Landseer painted animals was due not merely to his mastery of the brush, but also to his intimate knowledge of the animal world.

One of his many talents was the power of imitating to perfection the cry of any creature with which he was familiar.

One day when the artist happened to be the guest of Lord Rivers he was requested to go and see a very savage dog that was tied up in the yard. As Landseer approached the growling beast he dropped quietly upon his hands and knees and then crawling forward snarled so alarmingly that the dog, overcome with terror, suddenly snapped his chain, jumped over the wall and was never seen afterward.

Billings' Grace.

Mrs. Billings (aside)—Goodness me! Here comes Mrs. Spruce with her smart looking husband, and here John goes along by his side stopping and snuffling. What shall I do to break him up? Ah, I know! (Aloud, John.) John! Did you see that handsome girl looking at you?

Mr. Billings (with alacrity)—Not where? Where?—London Telegraph.

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THAT BOTHERSOME LETTER.

The Perplexity of a Typewriter Girl With Social Possibilities.

The pretty typewriter girl appeared to be worried over something. "Well," she exclaimed, "there's one thing bothering me most to death. I have social aspirations that may be gratified because my employer is old and rich and is looking for a pretty young wife, and I may be it. If I am, I'm not much afraid of anything I may get next to in the circle in which I shall move except how and when to get the correct sound to the letter 'a' as to show the difference between the classes and the masses. I have heard enough swell people talking in my office to know that to be a real society person I must use the broad 'a' in the right place, but I'm not sure of myself. Maybe everybody that uses the broad 'a' isn't in society, but I'm sure everybody in society uses the broad 'a,' and I want to know how to do it like the real thing."

"I don't find much trouble in saying 'cann't,' but ought I to say 'cann't' or 'can't not?' If not, why not? I'm just sure to get all mixed up if I say 'I can't' and follow it right away with 'I cann't,' and I'm sure I never could do a thing like that in society and live. It would be a dead give away, wouldn't it? But worse than that is 'half past,' like 'half past 4,' for instance. Sometimes I get it 'half past,' and sometimes 'half past,' and sometimes 'half past,' and sometimes plain 'half past,' and I just don't know what to do with myself. Now, which is it, and however am I to get it right and make it stay right? Goodness knows I've tried hard enough."

"Then there is 'and.' I always called it by its name and thought everybody else did, but the other day I heard some society people calling it 'and.' Do you suppose that is the proper thing? My employer says 'cann't' and 'shann't,' but he doesn't say 'and,' and he lives on Connecticut avenue. Or do I say 'in Connecticut avenue?' I notice some of the newspapers say 'in' for 'on' a street, but the newspapers are not in society, are they? I can say 'afternoon' or just plain 'after' easy enough, but think of that word 'aftermath.' Of course I wouldn't use it very often, but it is more of a give away to get a word wrong that isn't common than it is the common kind, don't you think? I say 'what' of course, just as the swells do, but if I said 'thatt' wouldn't society people think I was a servant girl out of place? Thank goodness there is one word I have got down fine, and I can pronounce it just too lovely for anything, and that is 'valhantage.' I feel like I was the real thing when I say it, and don't you know, when I hear anybody say 'advantage' it does sound too flat and common for any use. I do think it is the dearest word. I'd like to ask—"

mean alk—about a lot more, but the boss is coming, and I must look after some matters—or is it matters?—that—I mean 'thatt'—he wants attended to. So long!" And she left the reporter standing at the office rail somewhat puzzled himself.—Detroit Free Press.

History of a Chinese Uniform.

The English army has never since secured so much loot as it did in the Chinese war of 1890. Among those who got some was a private soldier who after the taking of the Taku forts came across the dead body of a taong-ping, or general, and promptly annexed the gorgeous gown and hat of the slain Celestial dignitary. He brought these garments home with him and sold them to a Jew dealer in Petticoat lane.

Shortly afterward the Hebrew received an order from a tea dealer for a suit of Chinaman's raiment. He made, as he thought, a good bargain for the particularly fine clothes he had bought. Shortly after peace a high official from the Chinese legation was surprised and shocked to see a vulgar looking "foreign devil" giving out bills outside a tea-shop attired in the full uniform of a Chinese general.

With the Chinese clothes are very solemn and important things, and a formal complaint was made to the foreign secretary of the gross indignity. A certain amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the tea merchant to put his bill man into toggery of a more humble order, but he stood on his rights as a free and independent English subject who had purchased in market overt, until the Chinese minister bought the uniform at a very high figure and sent it back to Peking.—Household Words.

Lafayette Kissed a Belle.

"Lafayette's stay in Alexandria, Va., upon his return visit to America, was a succession of fetes, opening with a civic and military parade," writes Mrs. Thaddeus Horton in *Ladies' Home Journal*. "The event to which every one looked forward with delight was the grand ball. It was held in the double drawing rooms of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Cazenove, which, after English fashion, occupied the second floor. The apartments were richly decorated and were thronged with the elite of Virginia society and many notable guests from Washington city and elsewhere. Lafayette stood in the rear drawing room and received with the mayor of Alexandria, who introduced the guests to him. During the presentations a young lady from middle Virginia, a great belle, came up and on being introduced asked Lafayette to kiss her, which he immediately did. Everybody was shoked at such an exhibition of immodesty on her part and wondered how the general could be so undignified as to comply with her request. Nothing else was talked of the entire evening but this remarkable occurrence. The ladies all thought it quite shameful and a disgrace to the occasion and blamed both the girl and the marquis. The gentlemen, however, thought Lafayette excusable under the circumstances."

Silence Reigns Supreme.

The most lonely highlands of our national territory are the sparsely wooded sierras of western New Mexico. The clank of the woodcutter's axes echoes through the steep gorges of the European Alps and southern Alleghenies, but in the Sierra Mesilla, west of El Paso, there are valleys where the moan of the wind in the branches of the rock pines is the only sound heard for days together. A kind of marmot is the only habitation of these solitudes and rarely leaves its burrows before noon. Birds are extremely rare, though a silent vulture now and then floats across the sky on its way to the cave labyrinth of the Gila valley.—Indianapolis Press.

Richard Burton in writing in East and West of "The Use of English" says: "Words, like men, have their strange, eventful histories, and, again like men, one word in its time 'plays many parts.' To follow the ups and downs of a single proper noun—a stupid name, since its career is as often as not improper and hence doubly fascinating—or of a common noun—named with equal stupidity, since its story is likely to be most uncommon—this pursuit, I say, is often as exciting as a novel or a football game. Thus it follows that the dictionary (rightly used and comprehended) is the most interesting of all books, save perhaps the Bible."

"Dr. Holmes knew this when he made the autocrit says: 'When I feel inclined to read poetry, I take down my dictionary. The poetry of words is quite as beautiful as that of sentences. The author may arrange the gems effectively, but their shape and luster have been given by the attrition of ages. Bring me the finest simile from the whole range of imaginative writing, and I will show you a single word which conveys a more profound, a more accurate and a more eloquent analogy.'"

"Emerson had the same feeling when he wrote: 'It does not need that a poem should be long. Every word was once a poem.'"

Bismarck and Washburne.

Here is a story which Bismarck was fond of narrating in regard to the American minister in Paris during the Franco-German war. It is told in a collection of anecdotal history of the life and times of Bismarck, published by Harper Bros.:

"As the American ambassador (sic), Mr. Washburne, had protected the Germans in Paris during the French war, we wanted to present him with a testimonial. Therefore I had a grand cross of the Order of the Iron Crown made of a more costly pattern than had probably ever been manufactured before. The brilliants alone cost 1,000 Friedrichs d'or, but before the emperor conferred it on him I took the precaution to ask if he would accept the order and received a reply that it would have to go to the Washington museum, as he would not be allowed to wear it."

"As this was not much to my liking, we kept the order for some time and inquired by what other means we should show our gratitude. In reply he begged that I should sit to an American artist for my portrait. So I sacrificed myself on the altar of my country and allowed myself to be painted. The artist, in real American fashion, did a real good stroke of business by painting three portraits of me at the same time."

A Diplomat's Inspiration.

"Why is it," she asked, "that when you are playing whist against papa you make so many blunders? You never seem to make misplays when he isn't in the game. Are you awed by him?"

"Well, not exactly that, Miss Rockingham," he answered. "You see, I found out some time ago that your father likes to win, and I want him to have a kindly feeling for me. I hope to have a favor to ask of him one of these days, and—"

He hesitated. She looked up into his face, and then somehow his arms got around her, and she whispered:

"Oh, Edward, how did you ever guess that you had any reason to hope?"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Two of a Kind.

"A woman doesn't always have the last word, does she?"

"Oh, no. Sometimes she is talking to another woman."—Life.

Cold Damp Feet Won't Give You A Cold.

If you will take in time Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets, E. W. Grove's signature on box.

Discovered by Accident.

The oriental ware introduced into Europe in 1506 was at first called porcelain, but afterward (in translucent kind, which could only be made in China, was called "china." It is worthy of note that the Chinese had discovered how to make it at least 1500 years before.

About 1700 John Frederick Botcher, who was a chemist's assistant, was at work for the king of Saxony, employed in the search for the philosopher's stone, when he accidentally discovered something akin to Chinese porcelain.

He sought everywhere for a clay, and through an accident the coveted kaolin was discovered.

A wealthy iron founder lifted home noticed that his horse riding his feet with difficulty, and examination revealed the fact that a white clay was adhering to the hoofs. He took some of it home and made a hair powder of it. Botcher obtained the powder, and translucent china was easily made. He followed oriental patterns and the secret of his method of manufacture was not discovered to the rest of the world until after his death.

The First American Porcelain was made by Thomas C. Smith of Greenport, Long Island.

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THE DAYS OF BOOTS.

WHEN BOOT HOOKS AND BOOTJACKS WERE FAMILIAR ARTICLES.

Fine Footwear Was Then an Expensive Luxury, and Men of Fashion Had a Time in Getting Their Tight-Fitting Wellingtons on and Off.

Over on the other side of Canal street, in the local Latin quarter, there is a little cobbler's shop that looks like an etching by Durer. The tools, which are stuck in leather loops around the walls, have an air of serious antiquity like decayed gentilefolk, and over the threshold is an empty wicker birdcage, canted at just the right angle to make what the artists call "a good composition." The cobbler himself is a smallish, stoop-shouldered man, with a perfectly bald head and iron spectacles half way down his nose. The other day he told a friend how the ancient and honorable craft of boot-making had gone into decline.

"I was working for myself two years before the California excitement began in 1849," he said. "Those were grand days. All gentlemen wore boots then made out of the finest calfskin, with tops about 12 inches high. The Wellington boots were fashionable just before my time, but I've made a few pairs, mostly for foreign gentlemen, and they looked very elegant outside of light pantaloons. The top was generally morocco. It bugged the calf of the leg close and came to a point in front, finished with a small red or purple tassel. But the boot that everybody wanted was a plaid, fine grained calfskin, and it had to fit like a glove or it wouldn't do at all.

"Do you see those lasts up on the shelf? Well, the men they were made for are dead now, the whole crowd. But I'll bet you there isn't one in the lot that hasn't been patched and altered at least 40 times. That shows you how particular they were. Feet will change more from year to year than you have any idea of, and we had to keep track of such changes so as to make the boot set perfectly snug. In those days a gentleman, especially a young gentleman, who went into society wouldn't have a boot that he could wear without cursing for a first week or so. They wanted them tight, tight as wax, and every young buck had his collection of boot hooks and bootjacks to get 'em on and off. Those tools were common birthday and Christmas presents back in the forties and fifties, and some of them were got up very fine. I've seen boot hooks with silver mounts and mahogany handles \$100 a pair.

"The strain of pulling on a pair of tight boots was so great," continued the little cobbler musingly, "that we used to run the strap ends half way down the inside of the leg and double sew them with waxed silk twist. A young gentleman was actually killed here in 1850 or thereabout by the breaking of his boot straps. I remember the circumstance well. He was going to a ball and was sitting on a stool in his room pulling on a pair of new boots with the hooks they used then. Both straps gave way together, and he fell over backward and hurt his spine so that he died next day. Yes, sir; that's a fact. The family are still living here, and I made boots for one of his nukes up to less than ten years ago. No; I can't say there was anything especially peculiar about the boots of that time except that they had much higher heels than are worn now and very light soles, generally finished around the edge with a stitching of yellow thread. A good pair of boots could be resoled four or five times, but it was seldom done. When they began to wear, a gentleman would generally give them to his body servant.

"The price of boots then was never less than \$16 and more often \$20, and the planters up the river thought nothing of ordering half a dozen or even a dozen pair at a time. I had one good customer from Lafourche. He was a fine gentleman, with grand manners. One day he came into the shop to order a pair of boots, and while I was measuring him to correct his foot he looked at me very sharp. 'Will you allow me to see your tongue?' he said presently. I was surprised, but I put it out, and he pursed up his lips, like a man whistling. 'Hum-m-m!' said he. 'How is your appetite?' 'Poorish,' said I, for I wasn't feeling very well just then. 'Make me 12 pairs of boots this time,' said he and walked out without another word. I felt kind of uncomfortable for awhile after that; but, Lord bless you, I've outlived him these 20 years.

"Boots went out of style in the seventies, but a good many of the old people still stick to them, and, for that matter, some are worn even to this day. I have four customers now that I make boots for regular. They are all middle aged men, and I used to work for their fathers and uncles. They say that the high leather legs keep them from catching cold, and they don't want the feet tight, but prefer them large and roomy. So I don't have to go to the trouble of correcting their lasts, as I did in the old days.

"I don't make shoes," added the old man, with a touch of asperity. "I never made a pair in my life, but it's lucky for me, perhaps, that they've taken to wearing them and make them as poor as they do. That brings in enough cobbling to keep the pot a-bolling."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Asperation.

"Police! Police!" yelled a man on the street.

"Here, what's the matter?" exclaimed a policeman, rushing around the corner.

"Nothing of course," explained the man. "If there had been, you wouldn't have been anywhere within a mile."—Detroit Free Press.

THE INDIGO PLANT.

How the Beautiful Dye Is Obtained by Indian Natives.

Indigo, the most beautiful and expensive of all dyes in common use, has ever been closely related to India, as its name implies.

From India the ancient Greeks and Romans drew supplies of the blue dye, and, although it was lost to Europe during the greater part of the middle ages, enormous quantities have been imported for commercial purposes during the last 100 years.

Indigo is cultivated all over India, giving employment to millions of natives and thousands of foreigners. In three districts alone in Behar, where some of the finest indigo is grown, European capital is invested to the extent of no less than \$25,000,000. Some 370,000 acres are under cultivation. There are 700 Englishmen managing and working on the "concerns," as the factories and plantations are always called, and 1,500,000 natives.

An indigo concern may occupy anywhere between 1,000 and 10,000 acres, each cultivated acre producing on an average about 15 to 20 pounds of indigo.

The plant grows to a height of between three and five feet. It is in the leaves that the color yielding matter chiefly resides, they being at their fullest at the time when the flower buds are about to bloom, but the leaf, of a yellowish green color, gives no indication of containing anything which will yield a blue coloring matter.

Toward the end of June, or as soon as the monsoon has set in, the crop is cut, and the work of manufacturing commences. The first manufacturing, called "morhum mahai," lasts generally to the middle of August. By this time the stems which have been cut have shot up again, and in September a second crop is taken from the same plants. Sometimes three crops are taken in one season.

In most concerns the simple, primitive processes of manufacture are still adhered to, for planters and old hands are strong believers in the original true blue and will have nothing to do with newfangled ideas and chemical admixtures.

Every day the vats in which the plants are steeped—the first process of manufacture—are cleaned out by coolies. The plant is stacked upright to allow air to escape and is kept in position by long pieces of bamboo. Then water is run into the vat, which, however, is not quite filled, since the plant expands, exerting an enormous pressure that might easily crack the vat's sides.

The plant takes a long while to soak. The leaves are not easily wetted.

When the plants have been steeped for about ten hours the color yielding matter will have been extracted. The liquid is now run off into lower or "beating" vats, and the extracted plant, or "seet," is taken out, to be subsequently employed to fertilize new crops. The running liquid varies in color from bright orange to olive green. It is necessary that it shall be kept in a state of violent agitation.

The froth is at first blue, then white, and soon disappears. The liquid, after passing through various color changes, turns from green to dark, rich indigo blue. The overseer, to test whether the beating process is sufficient, takes a little liquid and pours it on to a plate. If the grain, or "fecula," readily settles, leaving a clear fluid, the beaters jump from the vat or the wheel is stopped.

After beating the fecula is allowed to settle for two or three hours, and then the water is run off. The grain is collected, passed through various strainers, whence it flows into a well and is elevated by a steam injector to an iron tank. It is now boiled to prevent any further fermentation, and then the hot, concentrated stuff is run through strainers on to a filter plate.

The resulting pulpy paste, not unlike colored whipped cream, is pressed and cut into small cakes, each stamped with the mark of the factory, the date and the number of the days boiling. The cakes are put away to dry on bamboo shelves, being carefully dusted and turned every few days until ready for packing.—Pearson's Magazine.

Still He Caught Customers.

A well known portrait painter was not always the receiver of such handsome honorariums as are now paid him for his portraits. Time was, says London Tit-Bits, when he lived in a common lodging house near the Pantheon at an altitude of no less than seven stories. Necessity is the mother of invention, but how to induce a discriminating public to climb seven pairs of stairs?

He put up a placard in the basement of the house, "Portraits taken here. Only 10 francs. Studio on the third floor."

When the would be purchaser had arrived at the studio designated, he found himself confronted by a placard: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has been removed to the fifth floor."

After much puffing and panting the fifth floor was reached, where a new bill met the inquiring eye: "Ten franc portraits. The studio has owing to rebuilding of the premises been temporarily removed to the seventh floor."

Having suffered so much, the victim did not mind suffering once more, and the aspiring artist got another customer.

Diplomatic Johnny.

"Johnny," said his mother, "do you know who ate those tarts I left in the pantry?"

"I do, mamma," replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears, "but it would not be gentlemanly for me to tell."

And that is how it came that Johnny's brother received two undeserved spankings, one for the cakes he did not steal and another for his truthful denial.—London Tit-Bits.

Unreasonable.

Little Mabel—I don't like my new doll. It doesn't know a thing.

Little Mabel—Why doesn't it?

Little Mabel—It can't stand up nor sit down nor hold its arms out nor anything.

Little Mabel—When did you get it?

Little Mabel—Yesterday.

Little Mabel—Pretty mother you are, expecting a baby to act like a grown-up as soon as it's bought.—London Fun.

A DISH OF PORPOISE.

WHOLE SOME AND VERY SAVORY WHEN PROPERLY COOKED.

When One of These Sea Swine Is Landed in New York City, the Event Brings Joy to the Hearts of the Population of "Little Italy."

That playful mammal the porpoise, which gives so much joy to children on steamers, is not hunted anywhere in the vicinity of New York. But occasionally one of the fisher boats that bring their fares of fish to the great market at the foot of Fulton street on the East river finds in a net a drowned porpoise. The creature swam into the net and was not able to get out. Being a mammal, or warm blooded animal, it is compelled to rise for the purpose of breathing, which it does through its blowhole just behind the neck. But when entangled in a net it is unable to rise to the surface and is drowned in its own element.

The huge carcass, often weighing from 200 to 400 pounds, is dressed by the fishermen and put into the tank and brought to the market, where it is kept in the refrigerating tank until Friday morning, when it is sold to Italians by auction. The successful bidder always subdivides his fish. He keeps half for himself, and the rest is shared out among truck peddlers of Mulberry street, where the Italians congregate.

Then there is joy in Little Italy. The news is spread all over the colony, women going to their friends to tell the tidings. Very early in the morning a crowd gathers round the store of the padrone, who has the half porpoise displayed in all its hugeness upon a slab of wood. Fins, head, tail and insides had been removed by the fishing folk, and there is nothing save the solid meat and the great backbone. The color is a deep red, except the belly streaks, which are lighter and are streaked with fat and resemble pork very closely indeed. This is the meaning of the name, for porpoise is a corruption of the old London Latin, porc-piscis. In Roman Latin this would have been porcus piscis. The men of the north call these animals sea swine, and this is preserved in the French mersouin, which they undoubtedly learned from the Normans.

The Italian padrone begins business about 7 o'clock in the morning. His price is 4 cents a pound for all quantities, large or small. His scales are above his head. His customers surround him in an anxious ring, each provided with wrapping paper. His watchful and affectionate family take the money and bring from time to time a freshly sharpened knife. The padrone first cuts off a chunk of about 40 pounds and then proceeds rapidly to subdivide it according to the wants of the buyers. Since after slice of the deep flesh falls before his knife and passes into the paper of the customers. The belly parts are put on one side; they are not for sale, having been ordered in advance by the restaurants of the quarter.

Italian cooking is so excellent, especially as regards fish, that amateurs of good living constantly visit them undeterred by their appearance, which is rather squalid, though some are neatness itself. Here the porpoise is sold as horse mackerel for some reason or other not on the surface and is served with various sauces of the most palatable character.

The women of the colony fry it usually in rancid olive oil, which somewhat more than offsets any fishy flavor that may exist, which is doubtful. For while an ancient and fishlike smell most undoubtedly does salute the nostrils in front of fish stores in this quarter there is no odor arising from the immense mass of flesh at which the padrone toils. In fact, there can be no doubt that the meat of the porpoise is fish and not fish. And it may be added that this meat is wholesome and very savory when properly cooked.

The porpoise is not subject to the many diseases to which land swine are liable, and that the flesh is savory is certain from the affection the Italians have for it. Even the Sicilians admit cheerfully that it is as good as the swordfish cutlet, which is the great delicacy of Messina. And Italians from other parts believe it to be infinitely better. Porpoise was indeed once a royal dainty and was served at all state banquets. Sometimes it was boiled in vinegar or thin white wine—about the same thing—and sometimes great slices were covered with paste and baked and eaten with a sauce of prunes and spice.—New York Sun.

The Real Thing.

It was the middle of winter, and the head of the charitable institution was examining a number of poor children as to their claims to more comfortable clothing. She said to a little girl who was pinned up in a thin shawl:

"Have you any clothes at home?"

"No'm."

"What have you got on?"

"Please, this is me mother's shawl, an me dress is next, an then comes I."

Moral philosophy was not this little girl's distinguished walk, but she made the ego of her brief discourse seem a vivid reality, which is more than many able minds have succeeded in doing in a good many more words.—Youth's Companion.

Unreasonable.

Little Mabel—I don't like my new doll. It doesn't know a thing.

Little Mabel—Why doesn't it?

Little Mabel—It can't stand up nor sit down nor hold its arms out nor anything.

Little Mabel—When did you get it?

Little Mabel—Yesterday.

Little Mabel—Pretty mother you are, expecting a baby to act like a grown-up as soon as it's bought.—London Fun.

ENCOURAGING THRIFT.

A Business Man Who Has Found That It Pays.

"I always have confidence in people who save a little money out of their salaries," said a prominent western merchant, "and I do what I can to encourage habits of thrift. I employ about 75 clerks in my establishment, to whom I pay weekly salaries ranging from \$10 to \$40. Naturally enough more of them get the former than the latter amount, but they are none the less worthy on that account.

"In the beginning, when I employed only two people, I lived pretty close to them, and I knew how thrifless they could be when they were not encouraged to be otherwise. I have discharged more clerks for that sort of thing than for any other cause. They spent their salaries, large or small as might be, in a reckless fashion and let debt accumulate quite regardless of the rights of creditors.

"As my business increased, and with it my profits and my force of people I began to give the matter more study, and in the end, when I felt able to be of material assistance in encouraging thrift and honesty, I proposed a yearly recognition to those who would save something out of their salaries. It was small at first, but was so successful that today I haven't a clerk who has not some kind of a bank account and not one who willfully refuses to pay his debts. When we get a new one who refuses to take advantage of the opportunities afforded, we let him go at the end of the first year.

"My present plan is to double the savings of all clerks who receive \$10, \$12 and \$15 a week; to add 25 per cent to all who receive from \$15 to \$25 and 10 for those over \$25. A clerk on \$15 a week or under cannot save much, but as a rule that class of clerks have no one to maintain but themselves, and if one cannot save more than \$25 out of his year's labor it is rather pleasant for him to get \$25 clear profit. Those who receive the larger amounts usually have families, and their savings are not large, but whatever they are they are comfortably increased.

"One of my \$1,200 a year clerks, with a wife and two small children, saved \$400 last year, and my check for \$100 additional was deposited to his account the day after New Year's. A young woman in charge of a department at \$900 a year has almost paid for a nice little cottage in the suburbs out of her extra, and so the list runs on through every branch of the business. I make it a condition that all current obligations must be met at the end of the year, so that the savings are actual net profit.

"Every year some of the clerks are not entitled to any extra, but if this is the result of sickness I assume a part or all of the doctor's bills. You may say it costs something for me to do this and I am under no obligation to do it, and you are right. But I have the best class of clerks in the city, and as a result I guess I don't lose enough by it to necessitate an assignment at an early date," and the merchant smiled with very evident satisfaction.—Washington Star.

Answered the General.

"The old sappers were admirable fellows," says a writer in Cassier's Magazine, "as brave as lions, though sometimes rather stupid. A certain peninsular general rode down to some sappers who were digging trenches and commenced to cross question one on his duties. You must know that a gabion is a basket which can be filled with earth and so made to stop a bullet, and a fascine is a bundle of fagots.

"Now, supposing the first sapper in the trench you were driving were killed," said the general, "what would you do with him?"

"Stuff him in a gabion, sir," said the stolid sapper.

"And what would you do with the second if he were killed?" said the officer in surprise.

"Make a fascine of him, sir."

"The general rode off without another word."

Vigorous Measures.

For a long time the favorite form of "make believe" of little Faith was that of "getting married." For weeks she was a bride, marching down an imaginary aisle to the strains of an imaginary wedding march to meet an imaginary bridegroom. At last, her mother becoming tired of it, she said:

"Faith, don't you know that when you get married you will have to leave me?"

"This was a rude awakening, and the game stopped.

Not long afterward she came to ask the difference between "Miss" and "Mrs." To make herself clear her mother said:

"Well, when you grow up and become a young lady you will be Miss Butler, but if some man should ask you to marry him!"

"I'd call a policeman!" exclaimed Faith, and her interest was at an end.—Harper's Magazine.

The Hurry That Kills.

I hate this shallow Americanism which hopes to get rich by credit, to get knowledge by raps on midnight tables, to learn the economy of the mind by phrenology, or skill without study, or mastery without apprenticeship, or the sale of goods by pretending that they sell, or power by making believe that you are powerful, or through a packed jury or caucus, bribery and "repeating" votes, or wealth by fraud. Men think they have got them, but they have got something else—a crime which calls for another crime and another devil behind that. These are steps to suicide, infamy and the harming of mankind. We countenance each other in this life of show, puffing, advertisement and the manufacture of public opinion, and excellence is lost sight of in the hunger for sudden performance and praise.—Emerson's "Essay on Success."

One of Barrie's Triumphs.

J. M. Barrie did not shine conspicuously in many of his classes when at Edinburgh university, but in regard to metaphysics he had one notable triumph. He convinced the most unimpressible of all human beings, a medical student, that he had no existence, strictly so called. "He got quite frightened," Mr. Barrie remarked, "and I can still see his white face as he sat staring at me in the gloaming. This shows what metaphysics can do."

Forgot He Was Married.

"There was a lawyer of my acquaintance," said a veteran member of the bar, "who was eccentric in more ways than one. He was very absentminded, and many stories are told of this annoying failing. His home was at Romeo, this state, but he had a large practice in the local courts and resided in Detroit most of the time. His wife frequently visited him over Sunday. It was in the flourishing days of the old Michigan Exchange hotel, where he had a small top floor apartment.

"I well remember the occasion of one of these visits. The lawyer, who was a free hearted fellow, had arranged for a special dinner for himself and wife, but when the hour came he failed to appear, having, as it afterward transpired, forgotten all about his wife and gone to dine with a friend. Late that night he came to his hotel and went to his old top floor room, while his wondering wife waited for him on another floor. He ate his breakfast early and repaired to his office without having seen her. When she learned that he had been at the hotel and eaten breakfast as though he never had a wife, she packed her valise in high dudgeon and took the next train home. Finally the lawyer recovered from his fit of abstraction, but he was obliged to send his wife a telegraphic apology in order to stay threatened divorce proceedings."—Detroit Free Press.

Hunting For Ostrich Eggs.

"Once, and once only," says H. B. Tristman, an English traveler in Sahara, "I had the good fortune to take an ostrich's nest, although fresh eggs were not infrequently brought in by the Arabs. We observed with our telescopes two birds standing for some time in the same spot and were induced to ride toward them. They rapidly scudded off, but on intersecting their track we turned back and retraced it instead of continuing a vain pursuit. An ostrich's track is by no means easy either to follow or to retrace, for his stride measures, when he is at full speed, from 22 to 25 feet, and the oblong impression of two toes at so wide intervals affords no very evident track to any eyes less expert than those of a Bedouin huntsman.

"We retraced the impression to the spot where we had seen the birds standing together and where the sand was well trodden down. Two Arabs at once dismounted and began to dig with their hands, and presently they brought up four fresh eggs from a depth of about a foot under the warm sand.

"Ostrich egg omelet we always found a most welcome addition to our desert bill of fare and a convenient and portable provision, for from the thickness of the shell the eggs keep perfectly sweet and fresh for a fortnight or three weeks."

Why the Oyster Crop Falls.

It is pointed out that partial failure of the oyster crop in certain years, the diminution in size of the oysters on the market and the extinction of many oyster beds that formerly were famous have been due to want of material for the production of the oyster shell. The beds throughout the oyster belt have steadily deteriorated in late years and in many cases become absolutely worthless in spite of the fact that food has been supplied artificially at great expense and trouble and wire fences have been used to protect the oysters from the starfish.

For this trouble the defilement of the water by sewage and waste of various manufacturing establishments have usually been blamed, sometimes justly, sometimes without cause. What the oyster must have or it will perish is a full supply of carbonate of lime with which to build its shell. Near the mouths of rivers, where carbonate of lime in mechanical solution, as it is expressed, comes down from the hills and plains of the interior in drainage, the oyster has all the material it needs for building its house, and at the same time the inflowing tide brings it ample food.—Boston Transcript.

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NEWSPAPERARCHIVE

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THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

We all know that silly women will do almost anything in their enthusiasm for a male performer on the fiddle or the grand piano, and the fifty who rushed at Kubelik in Brooklyn after a recent performance and endeavored to kiss him are unfortunately not the only examples of such hysterical adulation among their sex. Poor Hobsen was made ridiculous before the whole country by just such nonsense. Of course the man in such a case is taken at a tremendous disadvantage. With a swarm of women rushing at him, their red lips all puckered up for him, he can neither accede nor refuse with dignity. It is said that some of the Brooklyn women taunted Kubelik with being a coward. Well, there are many otherwise brave men who would shrink from such an onslaught; and there are women (whisper it!) whom it would require no small bravery to kiss. And here the query arises, why should the American women be so overlastingly hungry for a smack? Aren't husbands and sweethearts doing their full duty? This is something for our Solomon to look into. It is more serious than it may seem on the surface.

SNAP SHOTS.

Puzzle: Find De Wet.

What—New York policemen resolving to "do their duty?"

And Grover still treats Bryan with the silence of contempt.

Take a good sharp carving knife to that beef trust, somebody!

Has that Ishman canal fallen in on itself? It seems to be out of sight.

The uglier the pup, the more blue ribbons he gets—at the Boston dog show.

Dr. English could hardly have left a more enduring monument than "Ben Bolt."

Patrick must be having a very enjoyable honeymoon there in the Tombs, all by himself.

It will be a brilliant audience, all right, before which King Edward is to do his little coronation stunt.

The racers ridden by Yankee jockeys continue to show their heels to the rest of the field over in England.

The New York subway is bound to have some fun anyway—it has quit blowing-up and is now caving in.

If Germany doesn't want a tariff war with us (as she now says) why does she keep talking about one all the time?

Dick Croker is going into the business of supplying milk to steamships—of course there won't be any water in it!

There are just a few of us here in New Hampshire who could be prevailed upon to take the job of minister to Cuba.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly. The springtime is pleasantly heralded by the April number of this magazine, which, as usual, abounds in those contributions which make its perusal a source of recreation and delight. Among its features are the following: April Verses, Edna Kingsley Walton Bull; "Neighbors," Charles Livingston Bull; "Farming Out Convicts," Benjamin F. Blackburn; "A Daughter of Raasay," a story, chapters I. L. Williams McLeod Rane; "A Chronicle of the Rear Guard," a story, Leo Crane; "Leaves from a Hunter's Sketch Book," eight full page drawings, Charles Livingston Bull; "Northern Kentucky in War Time," John Uri Lloyd; "Samuel M. Jones, Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo," Edward Sandilbury; "The Vengeance of Rott Adams," a story, Eliza Wallace Durbin; "Mrs. Leslie Carter," a study, Franklin E. Fyles; "The Mongrel Child," a story of Chicago's prisons for juveniles, Thomas W. Steep; "Lead, Kindly

Light," Cardinal Newman; "The Barred Window," a story, Charles Raymond MacAuley; "The Life Principle," John Dickinson Sherman; an account of the recent discoveries made by Prof. Jacques Loeb and Prof. A. P. Mathews of the University of Chicago; "Sea Mist," verses, Richard Kirk; "Not Even Memory," a story, Richard H. Post; Marginalia. New York: Frank Leslie Publishing House, 141-147 Fifth Avenue.

The Century. The features of the April Century are a frontispiece engraving by Timothy Cole of the famous painting by Velasquez entitled "Head of a Young Man," a group of papers of personal recollections of Appomattox by Gen. E. P. Alexander and Col. Charles Marshall, ex-Confederates and Generals John Gibbons and Wesley Merritt of the Union army; the beginning of the Union army; the beginning of a new serial story on marriage, entitled "Confessions of a Wife," by "Mary Adams," four humorous stories, including "Chimney Fadden on L'Aiglon and Woman," "A Hard Road to Andy Coggins," "Chester Bailey Fernald," "My Golf," by Charles Battell Loomis, and "Disciplining the R. & O.," by Willis Gibson, all illustrated; in the serial "The Great West" a chronicle of the overland trip to California by Noah Brooks entitled "The Plains Across," with pictures by Remington; in the collector's series an illustrated paper on the personal reminiscences of Alexander H. by the actress Rhea; two illustrated articles of travel in Abyssinia by Hugues Le Ronx and Oscar T. Crosby, both with mention of American trade; "Recent Discoveries concerning the Buddha," by the eminent English authority on India, T. W. Rhys Davids; a paper of plain-spoken criticism by John Burroughs, "Literary Values," the third of Dr. W. Mitchell's "Little Stories," entitled "Two Men," a timely sketch by Henry C. Rowland entitled "The Seamy Side in the Philippines," a paper by Sylvester Baxter on "The Beautifying of Village and Town," the text of Salvin's address on Ristori delivered at the recent celebration in Rome of her eightieth birthday, a series of letters to the department. It will be seen from this list that there is a very wide range of topics.

New York: The Century Co., Union Square.

Harper's Magazine. Harper's Magazine for April opens with a most interesting article from the pen of the well-known newspaper writer, A. Maurice Low, on "Society in Washington." The article is illustrated by Smiley and is a fitting introduction to a rich collection of magazine literature. The most notable contributions are: "Dickens in His Boots," by Percy Fitzgerald; "A Spartan," by Cyrus Townsend Brady; "Fifty Years of Synthetic Chemistry," by Carl Snyder; "Prosper's Old Mother," by Bret Harte; "The Roses of Monsieur Alphonse," by Thomas A. Janvier; "A Land Journey from Paris to New York," by Harry De Wint; "The Gay Cavalier," by Sidney H. Preston; "An Hour and a Half from Jamestown," by Albert B. Thomas. The most important serial publication of the year will begin in the May number. Its title is "Lady Rose's Daughter," and is from the pen of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, author of "Eleanor," etc. It is a story of English society today, dramatic in its scenes and vivid in its character portrayal.

Harper & Brothers, Publishers, New York.

Scribner's. Scribner's Magazine for April begins a new novel by Richard Harding Davis, "Captain Maclean." It is the longest novel written by Mr. Davis and is his first since "Soldiers of Fortune." It is his most mature work and narrates the adventures of a young West Pointer who was dismissed from the academy and went to Honduras to make a name for himself as a soldier with a body of revolutionists.

This issue contains the first of three articles which stirringly represent the life of the fishermen of today—off our own coast, on the North Sea, and on the Baltic, by James B. Connolly. The first article on "The Gloucester Fisherman," is as interesting as any story of the sea. It completely wipes out the impression created by some previous fiction that the Gloucester fisherman is an antiquated man and sails an antiquated boat.

Among the stories in the number is an amusing tale of life in old Virginia by Thomas Nelson Page, entitled "The Sheriff's Bluff," with illustrations by Ransom; another story by the new writer, Mary R. S. Andrews, this one told by a boy of thirteen describing with rare humor the predicament of an elder brother (it is a tale of the woods illustrated by A. B. Frost); "A Reversion to Type," by Miss Dakin; the love story of a woman professor in a college, illustrated by Christy; "The Evolution of a Girl's Ideal," a tale of sentiment by Clara E. Laughlin.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith's "Oliver Horn" continues to be very entertaining, with the love story of Oliver and Margaret much advanced by a summer's sketching together in the White mountains.

Color printing is beautifully represented by the reproductions of drawings by Howard Pyle and F. C. Yohn; by two pictures drawn by Everett Shinn showing "How Easter Comes in the City," and by the colored cover from a design by Floringer. The approaching centennial of the admission of Ohio to the Union lends additional importance to "A Story of Three States," by Alfred Mathews. This stirring narrative of what is known as the Penamite Wars is fully illustrated.

Ex-President Gilman gives his reminiscences of "Some Noteworthy Scholars." Among the men of whom he tells anecdotes are Cayley, Sylvester, the odd mathematical genius, Howard, Dean Stanley, Lord Kelvin, Mr. Lowell, Professor Child and Freeman, the historian. Miss Pradeaux, the bookbinder, has some notes on "Pattern Making" in the field of Art, illustrated.

New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

AT NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Topics Of The Day Discussed In Washington.

Things Political, Commercial And Otherwise Being Talked About.

Letter From The Chatty Special Correspondent Of The Chronicle.

(Special Correspondence.)

Washington, Apr. 1, 1902.—Our industries continue to absorb other people's money. What is claimed to be the largest cargo of armor ever shipped from Homestead, Pennsylvania, has left that place for Russia for use on the czar's imperial vessels. The members of the Kansas congressional delegation are boasting that they have not a single populist among their number. And there is only one democrat in that delegation, too. Kansas is surely to be congratulated.

The bright red line on the cheek of the Hon. Tom Johnson is not the blush of modest delight over the announcement that he has been chosen to receive the political mantle of Mr. Bryan. Mr. Johnson is delighted; but this rosy tint is only the besmeared gore of the street railway octopus.

The figures of the census show gratifying activity among American manufacturers—especially to republicans, because they are the proponents of prosperity. The value of products of manufacturing and mechanical industries in 1900 was \$13,049,013,038 against \$9,472,437,283 in 1890, a gain during the decade of almost forty per cent.

Colonel Bryan expressed considerable chagrin over the refusal of the democratic politicians in congress to follow his advice, tendered during his recent visit to Washington, and make a party issue of the Crumacker resolution. Mr. Bryan finds himself in the position of a lead horse that is anxious to lead, but finds the other horses backing in the traces. An unpleasant situation, we venture to remark, for a "peerless leader."

Rathbone, Neely and Reeves deserve no sympathy now in the hour of their conviction. The man who diverts public funds and so violated not only their sacred pledges to their own government, but to the Cubans, when they should have acted as examples of emulation. They compromised the good name of the American administration in Cuba, and brought criticism upon the republican party in the United States. Their acts were far worse than those of common thieves, and their severe punishment is richly deserved.

No better indication of the prosperous business conditions existing in the country at present is needed than the figures given in Dun's Review, comparing the number of commercial failures for the first two weeks of March. They say: "Liabilities of commercial failures for two weeks of March were again very small as compared with last year's figures, aggregating only \$3,238,701 against \$4,359,716 a year ago. Manufacturing defaults this year amounted to \$1,240,666, and trading \$1,596,853. Failures for the week numbered 209, in the U. S. against 244 last year."

Democratic papers, large and small, have been very fearful that Rathbone and Neely would go unpunished for their postal defalcations in Cuba. Being staunch republicans, they had little to fear other than a good white-washing—the republican administration would see that they were not badly treated, etc., etc. We are not looking, however, for any democratic retractions about the commercial failures for two weeks of March were again very small as compared with last year's figures, aggregating only \$3,238,701 against \$4,359,716 a year ago. Manufacturing defaults this year amounted to \$1,240,666, and trading \$1,596,853. Failures for the week numbered 209, in the U. S. against 244 last year."

The Washington Star, in commenting upon the rumored transfer of democratic leadership from Wm. J. Bryan to Tom Johnson, of Ohio, shows that in order for Mr. Johnson to have a claim to such a position he must, of course, control his own state. To do this requires the assistance of John R. McLean, a democratic power in Ohio politics; but Mr. McLean has no use whatever for Mr. Bryan. "If, therefore," says the Star, "Bryan may only hope to control the situation two years hence, though Mr. Johnson and Mr. Johnson's future depends upon assistance from Mr. McLean, then is the Nebraska done for indeed."

Eternal vigilance is always the price of safety. In the congressional campaigns for 1902 the republicans will meet with an alert opposition. They should themselves be equally alert. The present republican majority in the house is over forty. It should not be reduced. The republicans have made a good record in congress, and the president has shown himself wise, courageous, and firm.

The democrats, on the other hand, were never more discordant and demoralized. Where is the party? Who are the democrats? are questions hard to answer. They cannot agree on any measure, any policy, any action. They have been groping for an issue, but they are unable to find one upon which they can possibly unite. The money breach is by no means healed; they were never more discordant and demoralized. Where is the party? Who are the democrats? are questions hard to answer. They cannot agree on any measure, any policy, any action. They have been groping for an issue, but they are unable to find one upon which they can possibly unite. The money breach is by no means healed; they were never more discordant and demoralized. Where is the party? Who are the democrats? are questions hard to answer. They cannot agree on any measure, any policy, any action. They have been groping for an issue, but they are unable to find one upon which they can possibly unite. 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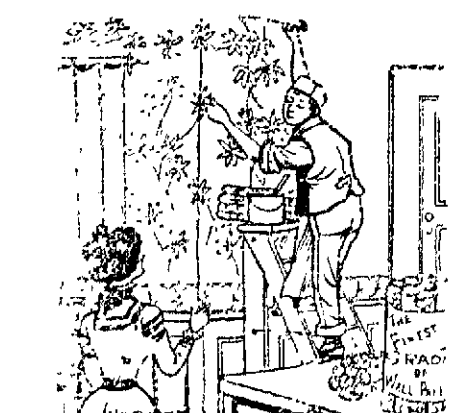
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THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC.
APRIL 3.

SUN RISES.....5:25 STORM RISES 02:21 A. M.
SUN SETS.....8:12 FULL SEA.....10:45 P. M.
LENGTH OF DAY.....12:47

New Moon, April 8th, 5h. 50m., morning, E.
First Quarter, April 15th, 10h. 20m., morning, W.
Full Moon, April 22d, 10h. 5m., evening, E.
Last Quarter, April 30th, 5h. 58m., evening, E.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, April 2.—Forecast for New England: Fair Thursday and probably Friday; fresh west winds.

MUSIC HALL BOX OFFICE HOURS.

Open 7:30 to 9:00 a. m., 12:30 to 2, 5 to 6, and 7 to 8 p. m., three days in advance of each attraction. Tickets may be ordered by calling Telephone No. 37-2.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1902.

TONIGHT.

Edmund Breeze Stock Co. in When Greek Meets Greek, at Music hall.
Pincushion social and entertainment at the Universalist vestry.
Special meeting of Davenport council, No. 5, Royal and Select Masters, at Masonic hall.
Regular monthly meeting of the Portsmouth Yacht club.
Young Men's Whist club, Conservatory hall.

CITY BRIEFS.

The Little Magnets go to Portland, Me., from here.
Edmund Breeze Stock company at Music hall tonight.

Advertising becomes more and more of a science day by day.

Advertising is your business card—don't have a sloppy card.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

The school children are having excellent weather for vacation work.

He who advertises well today will live to advertise for many a day.

May the brown tailed moths continue to steer clear of Portsmouth.

The new ferry boat 423 will be launched from the Franklin shiphouse today.

There was no joke in that beautiful spring day with which April made its bow to the world.

The crew of the Rye beach life-saving station donated eight dollars to the Monomoy fund.

Two new members were admitted to the Warner club at its regular meeting on Tuesday evening.

There are several changes expected to be made in many of the church choirs about town soon.

The thermometer registered about forty degrees above zero on Wednesday morning at eight o'clock.

Mrs. W. P. Gray and John C. Dolan will sing at the Knights of Columbus social at their rooms tomorrow night.

The Easter music both morning and evening will be repeated at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Sunday.

The Marcus M. Collis camp, Sons of Veterans, held their regular bi-monthly meeting at G. A. R. hall this evening.

Music lessons on Violin, Cornet, Mandolin and Banjo. R. L. Rainewald, Bandmaster U. S. Naval Band, 6 Court street.

The club women, as such, will now have a vacation, but the duties of house cleaning are making their annual demands.

The quarantine which has been on the house No. 31 Court street for the past week for diphtheria was raised on Wednesday.

The season at the Isles of Shoals promises to be one of the most prosperous in years, the bookings being far in advance of previous seasons.

The Woman's Missionary society of the Middle street Baptist church held its monthly meeting on Wednesday afternoon and evening in the chapel.

Some of the tax papers are in favor of the city doing its own street sprinkling and say that the fire horses and permanent men should be utilized to do the work.

Ensign and Mrs. Tilley and the other members of the local Salvation Army corps are to conduct a meeting in the Methodist church at Greenland on Friday evening.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church was held in the vestry on Wednesday afternoon and evening, with supper and entertainment.

A special meeting of St. John's lodge, No. 1, A. F. and A. M., will be held next Friday evening in Masonic hall, when the P. C. degree is to be conferred on several candidates.

Seven boilers to be put in at the plant of the Rockingham Light and Power company have arrived and are stored until time to be set up at the Portsmouth Machine company's yard, near the Boston and Maine railroad.

The entire country seems to have gone mad over the tuncful melody of Florence. This famous production will be given in Portsmouth by the same company that has appeared in it in all the larger cities of the country.

Miss Victoria Walters, one of the cleverest and prettiest singing and dancing comedienne has been engaged by Manager Charles H. Yale to play "Junc," the milkmaid, in the 20th edition of The Everlasting Devil's Auction. Miss Walters possesses youth, is pretty and can sing, dance and act, a rare combination nowadays.

A RICH TREAT.

Fifth Annual Whitman Concert Delights Afternoon Audience in Peirce Hall.

Those who attended the fifth annual Whitman concert in Peirce hall on Wednesday afternoon, the 2d inst., were given a rich treat. Instrumental and vocal numbers alike were all choice and the program was all too brief to satisfy the audience, whose musical appetite had been keenly whetted by the various offerings.

The participating artists were: The Pentucket orchestra, of Haverhill, Mass., (fifteen pieces) under the direction of Ernest Ferdinand Hoyt; the Beethoven string quartet (Ernest Hoyt, violin; John Nichols, violin; Max Schlegel, viola—Gerald Whitman, cello); Miss Sophia Goodwin, soprano; Henry P. Sutcliffe, flute soloist; and Mr. Hoyt, violin soloist.

Amidst such a galaxy, Portsmouth's individual representative, Miss Goodwin, shone so brightly as to please her many friends who were present. The program of this season of rare enjoyment was as follows:

Overture, "Pigal's Cave" Op. 26, Mendelssohn

Selection, "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer

Vocal solo, "My Heart at the Door," Saint-Saens

String quartet, Op. 18, No. 2, Beethoven

Allegro, Adagio Cantabile (and Allegro) Scherzo, Allegro, Molto quasi presto, Gounod

Flute solo, "Faust Fantasia," Gounod

H. P. Sutcliffe, De Berriot

Violin solo, "Seventh Concerto," Ernest Ferdinand Hoyt

Triumphal march, Mancinelli (Written for the drama Cleopatra.)

WHY HE DON'T SPRINKLE.

August Hett Says That it is Impossible to Collect for it.

August Hett has held the contract for sprinkling the streets of the city of Portsmouth for the past four years. From the city treasury he was paid the sum of \$500 for sprinkling in front of all city property. Of this sum he paid back \$250 to the city for water used by his carts. He used three carts necessitating the hiring of three men and the use of six horses. Of course their time was not fully taken up in this work as there are some days when the streets need no sprinkling. Besides this money received from the city Mr. Hett collected, or tried to collect, from property owners in front of whose residence or places of business he kept the dust down. He says that some would pay while others would not and the "would nots" were in such a majority that it made the business a losing venture.

In the four years he has held the contract his books show that there is still due him from private property owners and business men the sum of \$1600. He is tired of the business and says that his carts are for sale to the city or any one who wishes to buy.

P. A. C. LADIES' NIGHT.

To Be Celebrated in Peirce Hall on Evening of April 28.

The committee to whom was entrusted the selection of a date and the making of preliminary arrangements for the coming P. A. C. ladies' night have chosen the evening of April 28 as the date and Peirce hall the location.

The first part of the evening will be taken up with whist in which appropriate prize awards will be made to the winners, followed later by dancing to the music of Joy and Philbrick's orchestra. Refreshments will be served, afflo. Sclodhline h AAAAAA, It

OBITUARY.

Mary A. Smith.

At the home in New Castle today occurred the death of Mrs. Mary Alice Smith, aged seventy-eight years. The funeral will take place at the home in New Castle on Saturday, April 5.

RE-COMMISSIONED.

Lieut. George F. Snow of Company B, Second Infantry, Portsmouth, who tendered his resignation some time ago, by reason of a change of business which necessitated his removal from the state, has made other arrangements which will permit him to remain, and he was recommissioned by Adjutant-General Ayling this morning.—Concord correspondent Manchester Union

GUIDON FOR APRIL.

The Guidon for the month of April contains some very interesting reading matter, and is very tastefully gotten up. Of the interesting articles contributed is a poem by John B. Tabb, who is very well known. The Rev. John E. Finen of Tilton has contributed an interesting article on "Catholic Influence in the Republic." There are numerous other illustrated articles that are deserving of notice.

ACCIDENT AT NAVY YARD.

This morning an Italian, employed on the new dry dock at the navy yard, fell, striking his back on a rock, severely wounding it. He was taken to the Naval hospital where his injuries were cared for. He was afterwards brought to his boarding place in this city in the navy yard ambulance.

HARBOR FRONT NEWS.

Arrived, April 2.—Tug Pisatagua, Danvers, with barge Herwick, P. N. Co. No. 10, and Newcastle, Boston, brick; tug Gladford, Portland, Perth Amboy, with barge Drifton, light; tug International, Philadelphia, with barge Henry Clay, Philadelphia, coal.

PERSONALS.

Thomas Noble, Jr. is a visitor in Boston today.

Attorney E. L. Guphill was in Eppling Wednesday on legal business.

George W. Boardman is passing a week at his former home at Lebanon.

Miss Grace Norton of Kittery, clerk at Staples' dry goods store, is ill at her home.

Miss Marion Eastman of Middle street is the guest of friends in Manchester.

Miss Bernice Buchanan of Lincoln avenue is seriously ill at the Cottage hospital.

Mrs. C. B. Chadwick of Rogers street is slowly recovering from a severe illness.

Miss Ella A. Newhall of Norwood, Mass., is the guest of relatives on Columbia street.

Mrs. G. Scott Locke of Concord is the guest of her son, Dr. G. Scott Locke, in this city.

Mrs. William P. Pickett and Miss Marie Pickett are in Boston for the remainder of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Harvey of this city are stopping at Adams Point, Durham, for a few weeks.

Miss Marguerite Berry entertained a few of her friends with a small reception Tuesday evening.

Miss Dorothy Foster of Middle street is passing a few days in Boston as the guest of friends.

Miss Hulda Drake of Eppingham is visiting former Councilman and Mrs. William E. Drake of Daniel street.

Letter Carrier William O. Sides is confined to his home by illness. John Parker is filling his place on the mail route.

Frank Goodwin of Boston is the guest of his sisters, the Misses Goodwin, at the Goodwin mansion on Islington street.

Former Postmaster John E. Leavitt, now of Groton, Conn., is remodeling his summer residence at Jenness beach into an apartment house.

Percy Brown of Phillips Exeter, who has been the guest of friends in this city over Easter, returned to his studies at the college Wednesday night.

Former Secretary F. W. Teague of the local Y. M. C. A. has been appointed solicitor for the brokerage firm of Dove and Beckman, New York.

Joseph A. Haley is very ill at the residence of his son-in-law, President Goodall of the common council, on Richards avenue, and slight hope is entertained of his recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Doolittle, who for the past two weeks have been the guests of their son, Arthur M. Doolittle, Summer street, returned to their home at Troy, N. H., today.

Miss Etta Perry is very ill at the residence of her son, the Shedd residence on Sagamore road, while her father, Coolidge Perry, lies critically ill at his residence on State street.

Mrs. Martin Moelan and son, Thomas, who is employed in the Armstrong restaurant at the railroad station, went to Springfield, Mass., on Wednesday, for a month's visit with relatives.

DONATION PARTY.

On Wednesday evening from six to eight o'clock, the King's Daughters of the North church gave a donation party at the Home for Aged Women on Deer street.

Mrs. John P. Sweetser and Mrs. James R. Connell received and the supper was in charge of Mrs. George Muchmore.

During the evening a pleasing entertainment was given which was thoroughly enjoyed by the inmates of the home. The following was the program:

Piano solo, Arthur M. Doolittle

Song, Mrs. Percy B. Frye

Violin and piano duet, Harold and Nina Dutton

Duet, Beatrice and Emma Hartford

Recitation, Blanche Fisher

Piano solo, Mrs. J. Norris Parker

THE PAINTERS' TROUBLE.

There is nothing new in the painters' trouble. All the union men are still idle, waiting for the master painters to grant their demands. It is not improbable that a compromise may be effected between the two parties to the issue before the end of the week. The union will have another meeting on Friday evening. The master painters met on Wednesday evening, but did nothing for publication.

SURPRISE PARTY.

Edward Cooper, stableman at Maplewood farm, and his wife were given a surprise party on Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., at their home on Gates street. About a score of their friends participated and it was a jolly occasion. There were refreshments, and music and games were in order.

ROCKINGHAM COUNTY REPUBLICAN CLUB.

The quarterly meeting of the Rockingham County Republican club will be held in the probate court room, Exeter, April 15, at 2 o'clock. A large attendance is desired as business of importance is to be transacted.

MARKET SQUARE SPRINKLED.

This morning by the order of Mayor Pender Market square and adjoining streets were sprinkled. A section of hose was attached to a hydrant and by the use of the deluge nozzle the dust was quickly laid.

MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION.

The next regular meeting of the Ministers' association will be held in the annex of the Middle street Baptist church next Monday at 10:30 o'clock in the forenoon. Rev. C. A. Tucker will read a paper on "What Hinders the Gospel?"

MEMORIAL DAY COMMITTEES.

Storer Post Makes Its Annual Arrangements For Marking The Graves Of Departed Veterans.

At the regular meeting of Storer Post, No. 1, G. A. R., on Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., the following committees were appointed to mark the graves of departed veterans in the several cemeteries of Portsmouth and vicinity and to attend to the arrangements for the parade and the exercises for the evening of Memorial day:

Invitations and Music.—Joseph Foster, J. Lewis Harris, James R. May, Albert A. Sheple, J. F. Moore, William H. Smith, H. S. Paul.

Transportation and Carriages.—J. Lewis Harris, C. L. Hoyt, M. T. Betton, Charles E. Berry.

Evergreen.—J. F. Leavitt, Thomas Treddick, W. Y. Evans, J. W. Watkins, J. W. Berry, George B. Caswell.

Flagging Graves.—M. H. Bell, C. W. Drown, H. J. Willey, Cotton's cemetery; G. E. McIntosh, James A. Snow, James Barr, Proprietors' north of pond; L. T. Burnham, O. W. Bartlett, W. H. Smith, Proprietors' south of pond; C. L. Hoyt, M. T. Betton, Thomas Treddick, W. Y. Evans, Orin Russ, Harmony Grove, from Proprietors' to the gate near Hall house; M. M. Collis, William Critchley, C. F. Goodwin, Thomas Watkins, Harmony Grove, from gate near Hall house to the gate near Jones' avenue; John A. Peterson, Joseph Mandolin, Harmony Grove, from gate near Jones' avenue to Sagamore (stone wall); H. S. Paul, George S. Heaton, George W. Weeks, Sagamore; C. E. Dodge, Peter Sorson, William R. Chandler, Union and North; J. W. Berry, George B. Caswell, Rye; Edwin D. Rand, John W. Amazeen, Conrad Push, New Castle; John P. Weeks, Nathaniel P. Odway, Greenland; Augustus Schriber, William H. Flynn, John Jones, Michael Sheridan, Catholic, at the Plains.

Flowers and Wreaths.—Charles W. Shannon, D. W. Barnabee, William Critchley, H. S. Paul, L. T. Burnham, Edwin Underhill, R. E. Rich, C. E. Dodge, True W. Priest.

Printing.—True J. Norris, Charles P. Abbott, R. E. Rich.

Route.—H. S. Paul, M. M. Collis, Davy Treddick.

Evening Exercises.—Simon R. Marston, D. W. Barnabee, M. M. Collis, J. Lewis Harris, C. W. Shannon, L. T. Burnham, R. E. Rich.

CONCERT AND DANCE.

Prof. Hale Conducts A Largely Attended Assembly in Peirce Hall.

The grand popular concert and dance conducted in Peirce hall on Wednesday evening, the 2d inst., by Prof. Hale proved a distinct success. The attendance was very large.

Dancers not only in this city, but from near-by towns—Kittery, York, Rye and New Castle—were attracted by the announcement that the music was to be supplied by the Pentucket orchestra of Haverhill, Mass., and space on the shining floor was early at a premium.

From eight to nine o'clock, the orchestra played the following concert selections, all of which were greatly enjoyed:

Vocal March, "When the Band Plays," Von Tilzer

Overture, (from the opera) Wallace

"Maritana," Barnard

Duet for Flute and Clarinet, "Minnehaha,"

Messrs. Sutcliffe and Netsch.

Selection from the Comic Opera "King Dodo," Luders

Trombone Solo, "The Palms," Faure (by request)

Mr. A. B. Coney.

Old Favorites.

a "Possum Hall Rag," French

b "Our Director," (for Harvard) Hildreth

c "Boola, (for Yale) Hirsch

d "Ruben and the Maid," Levi

The gallery was jammed, however, delighted listeners, most of whom also remained until a late hour to watch the gay scene below.

The latest popular music was played for the dancing and to inspiring strains the list of waltzes, schottisches, two-steps and lancers was tripped off.

BOSTON & MAINE WORK.

Extensive Plans for the Coming Season's Improvements.

As is usual each spring, the Boston & Maine railroad has extensive plans for the coming season. The company has purchased 15,000 tons of rails, about equally divided between 75 and 85-pound sections, which will be laid this year. In addition the company will lay about 4,000 tons of rails ordered last year, but received too late for use then. In all, therefore, about 19,000 tons of new rails will be put down this year. This calls for something like 50,000 joints, exclusive of 10,000 joints for relay rails; 2,000,000 pounds of spikes; 375,000 tie plates; 1,500,000 eight-foot cross-ties, and about 3,000,000 feet of switch timbers.

Nine new freight locomotives have been received on the company's order for 24 freight and nine passenger locomotives. The balance will be delivered during the next few months. Several hundred freight cars have been purchased and built.

At East Cambridge the largest engine house on the system is now being built. It will have a capacity of 50 locomotives and the plant will include a car shop, a steam-heating plant, a gas plant, etc. At Worcester a new engine house with a capacity of 35 locomotives is nearly completed.

THE BEACHAM SUPPER.

Rooms Of Athletic Club Held A Jolly Party Wednesday Night.

The recent marriage of Harry L. Beacham, a popular member of the Athletic club, was celebrated right merrily by the members of that organization on Wednesday evening, the 2d inst. The festivities were in the shape of a supper served at the club rooms by Caterer Mulcahey, who put forth

his best efforts to provide a fine spread. All who partook of it agree unanimously that he succeeded. The supper was really tendered by Mr. Beacham to his associates, and although he was not present to share in the enjoyment, he was by no means forgotten. His name was toasted times galore and if the good wishes for the happiness of himself and his bride that were expressed on this occasion could have weight, the matrimonial way of Mr. and Mrs. Beacham would certainly be red with roses all along.

The entertainment following the spread was entirely informal. Many songs were rendered and there was plenty of piano music.

AT THE NAVY YARD.

The torpedo boat Craven will soon be put in the water.

The yards and docks crew have been increased mostly for the new sewer work that is in progress.

P. J. Sullivan, a riveter in the shipyard's crew, who recently took his discharge is working in Brooklyn, N. Y.

The scow with the cargo of sand was unloaded very quickly by the use of diggers and has sailed for more stock.

The new siren whistle on the electric light station connected with the fire alarm will be changed and a new twelve inch steam gong erected in its place.

Mrs. Burns of Salem, Ohio, arrived in this city Wednesday, the 2d inst., to join her husband, Joseph Burns, who is at the yard in the interests of the Buckeye Engine company.

The handsome new ferry boat built for the Newport training station will be launched from the Franklin shiphouse this morning about seven-thirty and no doubt have a trial trip today.

A thirty-three foot cutter was loaded on the cars Wednesday, the 2d inst., and will be shipped to Norfolk via Buffalo, thence to Cavite navy yard, P. I., for the U. S. S. Helena.

Orders have been issued in all departments of construction and repair in regard to the locks on old buildings which shall be at all times expected to be in good working order and if not they are to be immediately reported and repaired.

An automatic time switch has been placed on the arc light on Seavey's island near the residence of Civil Engineer Gregory. This arrangement regulates the time when the light is to burn and also when to shut it off. It is the first of its kind known to be used in this vicinity and if it proves satisfactory the same may be adopted for use on all the arc lights at this station.

TOLL GATE INN COMING AGAIN.

The announcement that Toll Gate Inn, the charming Colonial play, is to return to Music hall on Thursday evening, April 10th will no doubt awaken the interest of theatre goers to no small extent. Four weeks ago this splendid play was presented here, for the